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Title: Nathicana

Author: H.P.Lovecraft  
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It was in the pale garden  
of Zais;  
The mist-shrouded gardens  
of Zais,  
Where blossoms the white  
nephilot,  
The redolent herald of  
midnight.  
There slumber the still  
lakes of crystal,  
And streamlets that flow  
without Murm'ring;  
Smooth streamlets from  
caverns of Kathos  
Where brood the calm  
spirits of twilight.  
And over the lakes and  
the streamlets  
Are bridges of pure  
alabaster,  
White bridges all cunningly  
carven  
With figures of fairies  
and daemons.  
Here glimmer strange  
suns and strange planets,  
And strange is the  
crescent Banapis  
That sets 'yond the the  
ivy-grown ramparts  
Where thicken the dusk  
of the evening. And here  
in the swirl of the  
vapours I saw the divine  
Nathicana; the garlanded,  
white Nathicana; The  
slender, black-hair'd  
Nathicana; The sloe-eyed,  
red-lipped Nathicana;  
the silver-voiced, sweet  
Nathicana; The pale-rob'd,  
belov'd Nathicana. And ever  
was she my beloved, From  
ages when time was un-  
fashioned; From days when  
the stars were not  
fashioned Nor anything  
fashion'd but Yabon.

And here dwelt we ever  
and ever, The innocent  
children of Zais, At peace  
in the paths and the  
arbours, White-crowned  
with the blest nephalote.  
How oft would we float  
in the twilight O'er  
flow'r cover'd pastures  
and hillsides All white  
with the lowly astalthon;  
the lowly yet lovely  
astalthon, And dream in a  
world made of dreaming  
The dreams that are  
fairer than Aidenn;  
Bright dreams that are  
truer than reason! So  
dreamed and so lov'd we  
thro' ages, Till came the  
cursed season of Dzannin;  
The daemon-damn'd season  
of Dzannin; When red  
shone the suns and the  
planets, And red gleamed  
the crescent Banapis, And  
red fell the vapours of  
Yabon. Then redden'd the  
blossoms and streamlets  
And lakes that lay under  
the bridges, And even the  
calm alabaster Glowed  
pink with uncanny re-  
flections Till all the  
carv'd fairies and daemons  
Leer'd redly from back-  
grounds of shadow. Now  
redde'd my vision, and  
madly I strove to peer  
thro' the dense curtain  
And glimpsed the devine  
Nathicana; The pure, ever  
-pale Nathicana; The lov'd,  
the unchang'd Nathicana.  
But the vortex on vortex  
of madness Beclouded my  
labouring vision; My  
damnable, reddening vision  
Tha built a new world for  
my seeing; A new world of  
redness and darkness, A  
horrible coma called living.  
So now in this coma  
call'd living I view the  
bright phantoms of  
beauty; The false, hollow  
phantoms of beauty That  
cloak all the evils of

Dzannin. I veiw them with  
infinite longing, So like  
they do seem to my lov'd  
one: Yet foul from their  
eyes shines their evil;  
Their cruel and pitless  
evil, More evil than  
Thaphron or Latgoz, Twice  
ill for its gorgeous  
concealment. And only in  
slumbers of midnight  
Appears the lost maid  
Nathicana, The pallid, the  
pure Nathicana Who fades  
at the glance of the  
dreamer. Again and again  
do I seek her; I woo with  
deep draughts of  
Plathotis, Deep draughts  
brew'd in wine of Astarte  
And strenthen'd with  
tears of long weeping. I  
yearn for the gardens of  
Zais; The lovely, lost  
gardens of Zais Where  
blossoms the white neph  
-alot, The redolent herald  
of midnight. The last  
potent draught am I  
brewing; A draught that  
the daemons delight in; A  
draught that will banish  
the redness; The horrible  
coma call'd living. Soon, soon  
if I fail not in brewing,  
The redness and  
madness will vanish, And  
deep in the worm-peopl'd  
darkness Will rot the  
base chains that have  
bound me. Once more shall  
the gardens of Zais  
Dawn white on my  
long-tortur'd vision, And  
there midst the vapours  
of Yabon Will stand the  
divine Nathicana; The  
deathless, restor'd  
Nathicana  
Whose like is not met  
with in living.